

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1851

VOL. IV.—NO. 164.

TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3 if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 12 lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year. Persons sending advertisements must mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbidden and charged accordingly.

For announcing the names of candidates for office, THREE DOLLARS, CASH. For Wines, such as Pamphlets, Minutes, Circulars, Cards, Blankets, Handbills, &c., will be executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms.

All letters addressed to the Proprietor, post paid, will be promptly attended to.

Persons at a distance sending us the names of four solvent subscribers, will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis.

No communication inserted unless accompanied by the name of the author.

Office on the West side of the Public Square.

THE POST.

Athens, Friday, Nov. 14, 1851.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 5.

Judge McLean charged the Grand Jury at Cincinnati relative to the Cuban Invasion, and characterized it as having been one of the most atrocious and less excusable that has ever been known to have occurred in the history of civilized nations.

In Mississippi the Hon. Henry S. Foote is literally sweeping the State, and the probability is, that he will be elected Governor by twenty thousand majority. Messrs. Nabour, Freeman and A. B. Dawson have been elected to Congress. The third District is doubtful.

In New York it is believed that the whole Whig State Ticket has been elected, and that the Whig majority in the Senate will be ten—in the Assembly the contest will be a close one, and the result is doubtful. The returns from 40 counties indicate a Whig gain of 2500 on the vote polled in 1850.

In New Jersey the Whigs have a large majority in the Legislature.

In Michigan the democratic candidate has been elected Governor by ten thousand majority.

In Boston, a Dry Goods House has failed for \$200,000.

In Baltimore a gambler named James was killed today, at the 34 ward polls.

The Ohio arrived at New York today from Chagres with \$300,000 in specie on freight, and a considerable amount in the hands of passengers. She brings four days later intelligence from California. Messrs. Wells & Co. Bankers in San Francisco have failed in consequence of the losses they sustained by the late fire in that city.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.

The Washington Republic denies that Rives has been recalled from France.

The Empire City arrived at New York today with dates to the 30th Oct. The Ohio was there with later dates from Chagres. The riot has been quelled after a furious battle, attended with heavy loss on both sides.

OUR GOVERNMENT.—What a beautiful system of Government we live under. A national legislature to watch over the common interests of the whole country, thirty-one State Governments to regulate the internal affairs of their respective States. A House of Representatives in which the people, the sovereign people, of the United States, are all, whether rich or poor, equally represented. And a Senate in which the States, the sovereign States of the Confederacy, whether great or small, are all equally represented. The Executive combines the two basis of representation, and is elected by a mixed power representing both the States and the people of the United States.

Never before was there so wise a government organized on earth, and never before have a people, in ancient or modern times, been so prosperous and happy as the American people have been under this government. Let us preserve it, and in the language of our great political father and saviour, the immortal Washington, "properly estimate its value, and from indignantly upon the dawning of any attempt to alienate one portion of it from another." In the language of another noble patriot, let our motto be "liberty, union and independence, now and forever—one and inseparable."

FAVORITE, Nov. 4.

Votes not yet counted. We will have the full vote to-morrow. Gen. Foote beat Davis ten to one the first day in this place.

A fatal difficulty occurred in this neighborhood yesterday between Micajah Busby and John Buddicks, brothers in law, in regard to family affairs. They went from this place to the residence of their father in law—while there they became exasperated, and Buddicks was shot by Busby and died instantly.

HOW FEW KNOW THEMSELVES.

It is a common infirmity with human nature to denounce in others, errors and shortcomings, acts of omission or commission, to which all are more or less liable, and which the very complainants would have committed or indulged under similar circumstances. It is an easy thing, comparatively speaking, for a man to be correct, rigid and upright, who is compelled thereto by the necessities of the case, or who is not placed within the reach of temptation.

There is little merit, for example, in the temperance of an individual, who has never been thrown into gay society, who has a constitutional distaste for all that intoxicates, or who has been trained from early youth to avoid as little less than poison, the intoxicating bowl. And so, too, with many other weaknesses or virtues. In order to judge of ourselves and of others fairly and justly, we should take all the circumstances together, the disposition, the education, the society, and the temptations generally. Many men become dizzy by prosperity, and from a very excess of spirits and generous feelings fall an easy prey. Others are the victims of credulity. They are 'played upon' by the specious, the able, and the beguiling, and are thus won to ruin. Let no one assume to himself superior powers of moral resistance. Let no one who has not been subjected to the fiery ordeal, imagine that he could resist the species of fanaticism, or that of social indulgence. Let no one in mere arrogance and self conceit, cherish the delusion that he is the sole master of himself—that he understands all his follies and frailties, that he can curb and control himself under any and all circumstances—and that he has therefore no reason to appeal to a superior power. The wisest sometimes commit frightful errors, while there does not breathe throughout the length and breadth of the world we live in, an individual, be he high or low, so self-poised, clear-minded and true-hearted, as to be beyond the reach of temptation in all cases—the temptation, we mean, not only of honor, and of power, and of influence—but of feeling, passion, prejudice, taste, habit and enjoyment. It is therefore that a due degree of liberality and forbearance should be exercised, when advertising to the mis-steps, the delusions, the general errors. And yet the world, generally speaking, is sadly disposed to pronounce harsh and rash judgments. The idol of today, if in the enjoyment of power, is lauded and flattered in a thousand forms. But topple him from his position, take from him his magic wand of influence, reduce him down to the common level, and associate with him his name, some error, weakness, or delinquency—the fruit, perhaps, of some sudden and trying moment of temptation, and the very men who before bowed, fawned and cringed before him, were proud of his acquaintance, and gloried in his position, are also too often among the first to revile, assail and exaggerate his error. They spring upon him with all the fury of ingratitude, and seem to gloat over his downfall and his ruin. They do not pause to discover palliatives or explanations, but, on the contrary, affirm that they "long suspected him, and that he has only realized their apprehensions." He is condemned and denounced, and the bitterness of his position is rendered still more wretched by the melancholy fact to which we have adverted: Alas! for the heartlessness of the world! True, there are exceptions—noble, generous, and magnanimous; but they are few and far between.

THE PLAGUE AT PALMAS.—Death of the

American Consul and Family.—The New York Journal of Commerce contains an extract of a letter from an officer on board the United States brig Porpoise, dated Tenerife, Sept. 4, giving an account of the terrible ravages of a plague, resembling the cholera, which has swept over Palmas, one of the Cape de Verde. One-fifth of the entire population, of 18,000, have fallen victims, and the disease is still raging though somewhat abated. The writer says:

The family of our consul, (Mr. Torres,) together with himself, are all dead, with the exception of one child. He was a very worthy man, and had several handsome and interesting daughters, who were great favorites with the officers of our ships that touched there. Mr. Torres sent them all into the interior upon the first appearance of the pestilence, but hearing afterwards that some of them were sick he started off to join them, and on his arrival found them all dead, servants included, with the exception of the child here mentioned. In less than five hours after, he himself was a corpse. The panic and distress on the island is inconceivable.

DEMOCRACY IN MISSOURI.—A writer in

the Western (Mo.) Argus proposes Hon. Cave Johnson of Tennessee, and Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson of New York, for President and Vice President.

AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL.—In the House

yesterday, the bill to give the wives and children of convicts in the Penitentiary a portion of the proceeds of their labor being under consideration, Mr. Simpson, of Humphreys, made a speech in favor of it. He urged, with much vehemence, that the magnanimous members should do something for the "protectless and defenseless" wives and children whose husbands are doing the State service in the Penitentiary, "for (said he) none of us know how long it may be before our wives and children are in the same protectless and defenseless condition!" This appeal had the effect of defeating an indefinite postponement of the bill, which was moved by a hard-hearted member who, being single, has no "bowels of compassion" for the "protectless and defenseless" wives and children of the State's faithful laborers! —Nashville Gazette.

Galleguani's Paris Messenger says:—

"There is hardly a great city of Europe which one might not suppose to be inhabited by wild beasts rather than by men, or by enemies rather than citizens, such is the formidable character of the means employed to secure its tranquility and obedience. Ramparts frown on the people from the river side of the brow of the hill; there are barracks and guardhouses in every quarter, there are troops always in movement; the drum never ceases, at every public place, you may stumble on a group of soldiers, ready to turn out on the approach of the officer in command; and you feel as if it were not so much a city as a camp you are dwelling in. France is hardly more unfortunate in this respect than the other great Powers of Europe; but there are, we believe, still about a hundred thousand soldiers in the department of the Seine, and Lyons, a mere manufacturing city, is policed by more than thirty thousand."

H. L. Ellsworth, of Lafayette, Ind., formerly

Commissioner of Patents, advertises in the Indiana papers that he has thirty thousand acres of choice land ready for the plough; a part of which will be sold for one half of the crops for three years, and a good warranty deed given without any further payment; in this case the purchaser makes and employs his own improvements.

TAKING IT EASY.—The Cubans seem

to have an excellent idea of loafing. A gentleman who has just returned from that Island, says:—

"They have one hundred and eighty seven festival days in the year, besides Sundays, in all of which they are forbidden to work, and where they show no disposition for anything but play. They then assemble in crowds at each other's houses, the gathering place being arranged before hand; and spending the whole time in dancing the fandango, drinking, &c., &c. They wear their swords on all occasions, and ride on horseback wherever they go. Even those who go to seek a day's work—mere laborers—attire themselves, and ride up with an appearance, and importance, and display, so that they might be mistaken for officers of the army."

CRIME OR STARVATION.—Letters from

Sweeden speak of a frightful famine which has set in the province of Worneland. The want is so great that the peasantry are forced to grind the bark of the birch tree, which they use in lieu of rye or wheat in bread. With the increase of want crime has already increased to a fearful extent; and robberies, which in that quiet and well-disciplined country were known only by hearsay, are now of daily occurrence.

Cymon says that "taking a little wine for

the stomach's sake" doesn't mean drinking a quart of New England rum per day, of the "R. G." brand, as many seem to suppose.

The damage done by the late Railroad

collision in Michigan, on the line between Adrian and Monroe, was estimated at \$15,000, the locomotives and cars of both trains which came together being entirely smashed up.

NEWSPAPERS IN OHIO.—According to the

recent census in Ohio there are two hundred and ninety-eight newspapers published in this State, of which number thirty are published daily. Fifty six papers hail from Cincinnati.

MY GOOD OLD FATHER'S MILL.

Can I e'er forget the valley,
Or the gently rippling rill,
Whose waters wandered
Thro' my good old father's mill;
Where oft in my happy childhood,
Refreshed by balmy sleep,
I roamed at will the wild wood,
Or climbed the craggy steep?

Can I e'er forget the valley,
Or those friends to memory dear,
Who, at even-tide, surrounded
The easy elbow chair?
The group of happy faces
In fancy still I see,
But, ah! their vacant places
Alone remain for me.

Can I e'er forget the valley,
Or the ivy mantled pile,
Where the happy faces
Of childhood loved forms now mould-
ered.

Within its sacred aisle?
Though Fortune's choicest treasure
Be mine, where'er I roam,
Can that restore the pleasure
Of childhood's happy home?

HARD TIMES.—On every side, both far

and wide, is heard the mournful cry, that corn is scarce, that wheat is sparse, and bacon's very high. "Hard times and scarcity of dimes," is now a theme for song, with less regard to rhyme than bards think to the muse belong. Fowls of the air, fish of the sea, all subliminal things, that men may take, for "stomach's sake," seem to have taken wings, and like things witched cannot be got, except by silver bullets shot. In Minnesota it is said a full grown squash weighed 170 pounds, its average growth a day was 13 pounds. Indian corn grows from 13 to 15 feet high, and ears are borne 9 feet from the ground. A land whose productions thus grow, is almost equal to that which flows with milk and honey.

GEN. W. O. BUTLER, OF KY.—The N. Y.

Herald of the 28th ult., has a communication in it from one of the New England States upon the prospects of the various Locofoco aspirants, from which we cut the following:

In New Hampshire, the Democrats are said to be about to move in favor of the nomination of Gen. Butler, headed by Gen. Pierce, who himself served so gallantly in the Mexican war. The democracy might make a worse selection than Gen. Butler, in point of talent as well as availability, and it is within the bounds of possibility that he will be nominated.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—A New York

letter says: "An important point was decided yesterday in the Supreme Court. In this case a party sued to recover loss, by the burning of his stables, near of Mulberry street, caused by the carelessness of defendant in going into his own stable adjoining with an open light, without lantern, and setting it on fire. The jury gave a verdict of \$325, the value of the stable destroyed."

A RIDDLE.

These letters in the proper place,
Will show the world and thee
A cause of sorrow and disgrace,
And source of misery.

That is a pretty thought of one of our poets—

"Woman is the heart of a family
It man the head."

When the heart is right, the head seldom goes astray.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.—Scene 1st.

Wife—My dear, I shall not be able to go out with you to the party this evening, my pantaloons are dirty.

Husband—Never mind, my love, put on a pair of mine.

Scene 2d.

Wife—Charles, those doekin cassimers which you received from Stitch, the tailor, fit me exactly. I shall wear them myself, you may order another pair.

Husband—(Meekly)—whatever you say my love.

Scene 3d.

Wife—What are you going to do with those black pants of yours?

Husband—Sell them to the old clothes man.

Wife—Indeed you shall do no such thing; I'll cut 'em down; they'll do beautifully for Harriet Jane.

It is a well known fact that sweet things

spoil the teeth, hence the early decay of ladies' teeth accounted for. Cause: the sweetness of their lips.

A friend of our elbow says that this is

not the case for it is notorious that those ladies that scold most are sure to lose their teeth first.

A waggish apprentice one day, after dinner,

deliberately stepped up to his master, and asked him what he valued his services at per day. "Why, about six cents," said his master. Then putting his hand in his pocket, and drawing out some coppers, he said, "Here's three cents—I'm off on a bender!"

For the Athens Post.

RINGING THE BELL;
OR,
THE ADVENTURE OF AN ARKANSAS LAWYER.

Mr. D— was a merchant who lived in a certain village far back in the State of Arkansas. Possessing more means, and it may be, having inherited more of a feeling for the distinctive than his fellow towns-men, he sent his daughters to a boarding school at the capital of the State. At the end of two years they came back perfectly initiated into all the mysteries, etiquette and fashions of the elite. They could sing like nightingales, jabber French, play the piano, write verses, talk of the vulgarity of the loom and spinning wheel, and wiggle through life in a style which completely astonished those out-westerners, who were so totally unacquainted with the dingle dangle of fashionable life. A great many improvements were introduced into the family apparatus of Mr. D., and conspicuous among these were a piano and parlor bell.

There resided in the same town a young sprout of the law, who claimed a distant relationship to Coke and Littleton, and who could spout for an hour about *assumpsit*, *trespass*, *vi et armis*, the *vinculum matrimonii*, and a plea and demurrer, in a style of verbose pomposity that made all the negroes and boys of the town stand with gaping mouths and bleared eyes, eager to devour the astounding revelations of this oracle of justice. None thought himself so well qualified to welcome the girls back to town as our young friend W. So drawing on his best pair of unmentionables, his high heeled boots, and a stand-up shirt collar which propped his ears so high that he had to rear on tiptoe whenever he spit, brushing his cloth, oiling his whiskers, and donning his beaver, he imagined himself the very personification of wit, elegance and taste, and tilted off in the direction of Mr. D's residence. With a step as proud as Julius Caesar's he strode up to the door and gave it several taps with his knuckles, but no footstep from within approached him. There stood, for a long time, the embodiment of Arkansas law rapping the door, still no voice bade him enter. Disappointed and mortified, he returned to his office. At supper time he gave his landlady an account of his visit, and of his most unfortunate disappointment. Said his hostess, "Why didn't you ring the bell?—that is the signal for admittance into that family." At the tavern a small hand-bell always sat on the mantle board, and the next day the hero of our tale getting this stuck into his pocket, again prepared to give the Misses D. a call. Conning over a few couplets from Burns and Moore, which he thought appropriate to the occasion, he again strutted up to the mansion of Mr. D., and drawing his bell from his pocket, commenced waving it to and fro in quite an animated manner. Now it so happened that a certain black sheep of the masculine gender had accustomed himself to sealing the fence, and committing serious depredations upon the garden herbage that matted the grounds around the house, much against the will of Mrs. D., and she hearing the tones of the bell, naturally supposed that the prince of the sheep-fold had unceremoniously entered the yard, and was browsing on the grass and shrubbery. Dick, a large rusty negro, was ordered to drive the rascal out. Dick sallied forth, and that he might be the better prepared to execute his mission, gathered some stones as he ran, and darting round the corner of the house was about hurling one in the direction from whence the bell jingled before he discovered his mistake. The man of law seeing the drawn rock, and by no means admiring the bellicose aspect of the sable face, drew himself up in a most august attitude, as he bellowed out, "See here Dick! by heaven, don't you throw that rock at me!"

"Beg your pardon, massa," said Dick, "me thought him was dat cussed black ram!"

"No, but it is not the black ram, and so you had better take care. I want in the house."

"Well, den, just ring de bell dare," replied Dick.

"Ring the d—! Havn't I been ringing for half an hour!" And again he fell to, might and main, rattling his little bell as if he would wake the dead. Dick's ivory gleamed—you might have seen it a half mile, and heard his loud *schoo-teen* at least as far again, as he walked up and told W. to jerk the knob on the door. And W. did jerk the knob, and he declared afterward that it seemed to him as if the bell rang two hundred yards off. A very polite daughter of Africa opened the door, and inviting our friend to walk in, *W. bowed as much a la mode* of a Frenchman as possible, grasped the hand of the "nigger," and shaking it most heartily, made many anxious inquiries as to her health, and the general condition of the family; this done, he took his seat with a great deal of pre-

VISION, crossing his legs in quite a theatric

cal manner. In a trice in came Mr. D., seized the hat of his guest, and was about placing it upon the table, when the petrified lawyer exclaimed, "Stop, Mr. D., there are some law papers in my hat; let me have them before you carry it off." As if Nemesis or some worse goddess, was not yet content with the laughable blunders of our hero, he was doomed to a more mortifying affliction. Whilst he was seated with the most complacent dignity imaginable, the young ladies made their advent into the parlor; W. rose from his seat, and in making protest of his politeness, his nether extremities unfortunately came in contact with the keys of the piano, for its lid happened to be raised. Squeak, squeak, went the piano—W. bounded forward as if he had been a bunch of gum-elastic, and exclaimed with great trepidation, "O Lord, Mr. D., I have mashed your baby!" The scene which followed may be imagined.—The risibilities of the girls were too much aroused to allow of their conducting themselves in a very befitting style, and they left the room. Poor W. didn't stay long.

W. has been married a long time, and is now rich, yet he has never been known to have a bell of any sort about his farm or dwelling. He went go to a Church that has one. Never is a piano mentioned but what he wishes them all at the devil, for he says his satanic majesty is the inventor of all such articles. The squealing of a pig, or squealing of a cat, he avers, is more musical to his ear than the tones of a piano. It is said, whether true or not I shall not affirm, that when W. was a member of the Arkansas legislature, he introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor punishable with fine and imprisonment, for any man to bell his cattle or sheep, or for any man, woman or child to ring a bell or play a piano.

INDEX.

BENEFITS OF TOBACCO SMOKE.—Mr. Robert Ellis, surgeon, the principal editor of the official catalogue of the London Exhibition, has the following remark, (vol. 2, page 180,) which must gladden the hearts of our smoke-mixing brethren:—The total quantity of tobacco retained for home consumption, in 1848, amounted to nearly 17,000,000 lbs. North America alone produces annually upwards of 200,000,000 lbs. The combustion of this mass of vegetable material would yield about 840,000,000 lbs. of carbonic acid gas, so that the yearly increase of carbonic acid gas from tobacco smoking alone cannot be less than 1,000,000,000 lbs.; a large contribution to the annual demand for this gas made upon the atmosphere, for the vegetation of the world. Henceforth let no one twist the smoker with idleness and unimportance. Every pipe is an agricultural furnace—every smoker a manufacturer of vegetation, the consumer of a weed that he may rear more largely his own provisions.

An old fellow, who had become weary of his life, thought he might as well commit suicide, but he didn't wish to go off without forgiving all his enemies. So at the last moment, he removed the noose from his neck, saying to himself, "I never can or will forgive old Nub for letting the copper head snakes get into the Ark. They have killed \$2000 worth of my cattle, when he and I meet there'll be a general fuss."

STICK A PIN THERE!—There is a lady in Barnstable, Mass., who is in the habit of eating and sleeping with pins and needles in her mouth. She acquired the habit when a child, and now instead of placing them in a cushion, she puts them in her mouth under her tongue, where they remain without any inconvenience until she wishes to use them.

Here are two or three hints for juvenile tobacco smokers and chewers, which we extract from the Boston Olive Branch:—

"Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous propensity, developing the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and freely smokes, or otherwise largely uses tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular as well as mental energy. To people older, who are naturally nervous, and particularly to the phlegmatic, tobacco may be comparatively harmless, but even to these it is worse than useless. We would particularly warn boys who want to be any body in the world to shun tobacco as deadly poison."

Politicians will make fools of themselves

—pettifiers will make fools of others, and women with pretty faces will always make fools of themselves and the men.

Why should any human being who lives

merely to eat, drink and sleep, imagine himself to be a rational being? What evidence of rationality has he which the ox or the horse has not?

There are seventy thousand kernels of

corn in a bushel, but there are but two "kernels" in a regiment of militia.